

Two Poems · *Maureen Morehead*

THE FLYING GEESE QUILT YOU'D BROUGHT FROM HOME

for Priscilla Beaulieu Presley

One day in 1965 when I was struggling with angles,
with making things fit, determining x and eliminating y ,
Elvis Presley locked the two of you in his bedroom
and didn't let you out for a week.
He liked it cold. He liked the TV on.
He liked you nude, and pure, fifteen years old,
dumb as a bologna sandwich.

You remember lying in bed,
a quilt with a thousand triangles up to your breasts,
your breasts exposed because he liked to look at you,
happy that he looked at you, counting the triangles,
losing track, a shadow at the bedroom door,
two bowls of tomato soup.

I was in love then, too, in Kentucky, and kissed a boy
from California with a beautiful name,
and when he had gone I thought about him for months:
I kissed him in September. A cold breeze had come up.
It was under a streetlamp. His mouth felt warm on mine.
If I imagined him in my bed, it was I who submitted.
Those days every one of us knew the equation:
his name fit perfectly after mine.